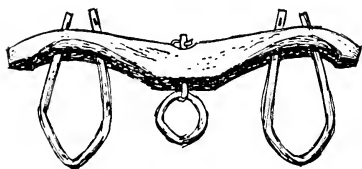


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The Lincoln Fellowship.

Proceedings of the Second and  
Third Annual Meetings and Din-  
ners. New York, Feb. 20, 1909;  
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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February 27, 1860

One of the photographs made by Brady on the day of the Cooper Institute Speech. This print is from a negative in the Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve, New York, and is contributed by him to the Lincoln Fellowship.

Proceedings at the Second and  
Third Annual Meetings of the  
Lincoln Fellowship, held at  
Delmonico's, New York, Satur-  
day, February 20th, 1909, and  
Saturday, February 12th, 1910.

New York  
The Lincoln Fellowship

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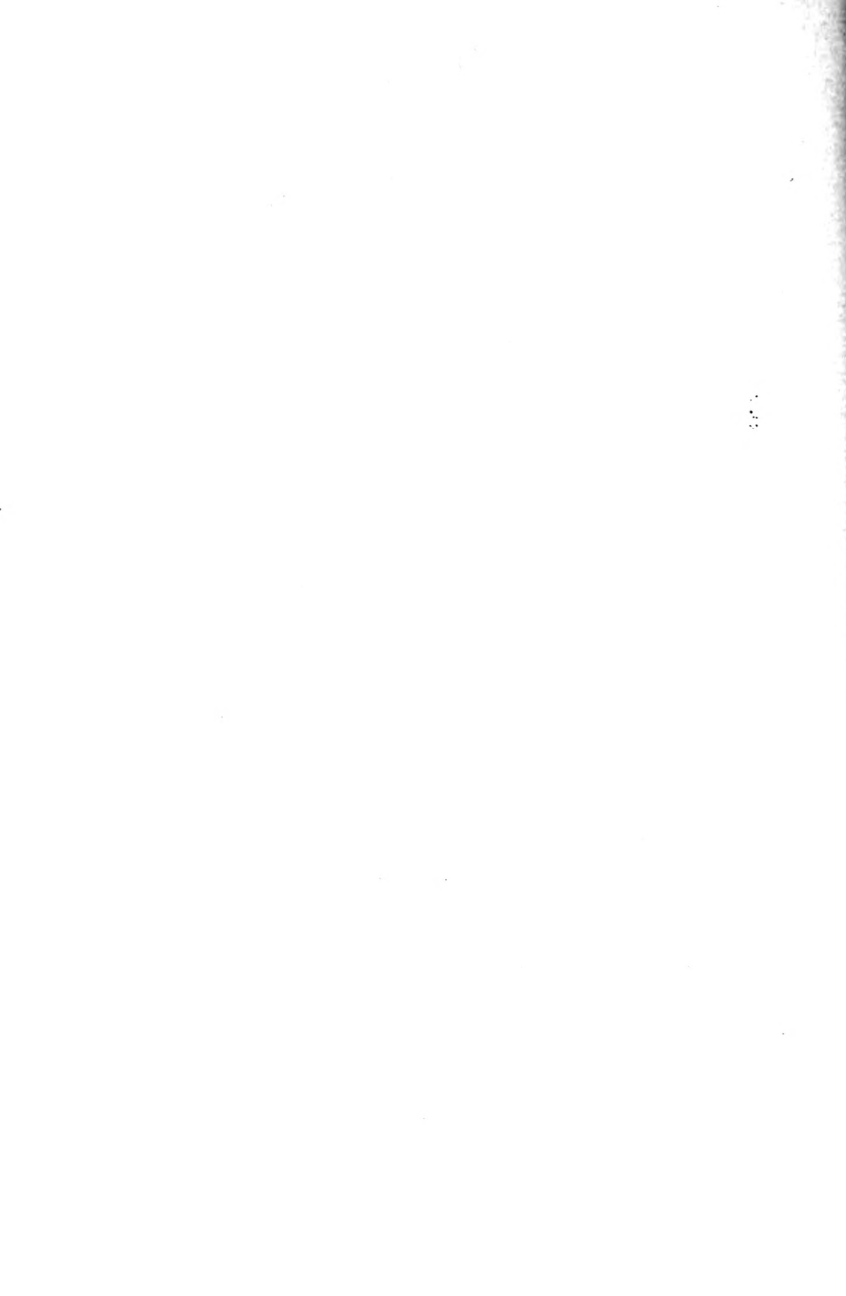
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## Annual Meeting, 1909

OWING to the numerous celebrations of the Centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, which members of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP felt obliged to attend, it was impossible to obtain a quorum on February 12th. The arrangements for the Annual Dinner were therefore cancelled, and the Annual Meeting was postponed until February 20th.

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The Adjourned Meeting was held at Delmonico's, New York, at 2.30 P. M., on Saturday, February 20th, 1909. *The President*, Major William H. Lambert, was in the chair, and the following members were present: *Vice-Presidents*, General James Grant Wilson and Charles W. McLellan; *Secretary*, Francis D. Tandy; Messrs. Norman Veitch, Robert Hewitt, Hugh McLellan, Edward J. Deitch, Victor Brenner and Wayne Whipple. Proxies were submitted by fifteen other members, thus constituting a quorum.

The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved as read.

The Secretary reported that THE FELLOWSHIP had enrolled 139 members, of whom three had resigned and two had died during the last year, leaving a total membership of 134.

The Secretary submitted the following report, which was approved:

## LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP

RECEIPTS	EXPENDITURES
On hand, 1908.. \$37.53	Printing Pro-
Dues. .... 98.90	ceedings. ....\$129.18
Dinner. .... 105.00	Dinner, 1908 ... 118.65
Printing fund... 121.06	Miscellaneous... 37.45
<hr/>	Cash on hand.. 77.21
\$362.49	<hr/>
	\$362.49

A notice of the formation of a LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP in Rome, Italy, was read, and the Secretary was instructed to write to that organization and congratulate it upon its formation and to extend to it the hearty good wishes and co-operation of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP.

Letters were read from the following members: Henry S. Burrage, David Homer Bates, E. M. Bowman, George B. Fairhead, Richard Lloyd Jones, Isaac N. Phillips, O. H. Oldroyd, Orra L. Stone, Clara E. Laughlin, James Henry Harris, William H. Owen, Jr., Leroy B. Crane and Mrs. Maurice V. Cooley.

The proposition to raise the dues from One Dollar to Two Dollars per year, in accordance with the notice sent forth in December, was next taken up. In view of the fact that no annual dinner had been held and no proceedings would be printed, it was decided that the present dues of One Dollar per year would be sufficient for the present to cover the expenses of THE FELLOWSHIP. The proposition was therefore laid on the table till the next annual meeting.

The election of officers being next in order, it was proposed by Mr. Hewitt and seconded by Mr. Veitch that the present officers be re-elected for the ensuing year. Mr. Tandy offered as an

amendment that Mr. Horace White be also elected one of the Vice-Presidents. The amendment was accepted by Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Veitch, and the motion was carried unanimously.

General Wilson displayed a handsome portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted in oils by Mr. W. D. Bicknell, and explained the history of the portrait. On motion made by Mr. Hugh McLellan, and seconded by Mr. C. W. McLellan, a vote of thanks was extended to General Wilson and Mr. Bicknell for the pleasure afforded the members.

The President instructed the committee who had charge of arranging the annual meeting this year, to arrange for a suitable dinner and meeting on February 12th, 1910. There being no further business the meeting then adjourned.

Immediately after adjournment, before the members dispersed, General Wilson, on behalf of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, presented Major William H. Lambert with a handsome Lincoln medal designed by Roiné, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The General also presented to the Major on his own behalf, a beautiful gold-embroidered Lincoln Centennial Badge, a duplicate of one received by President Roosevelt from the State of Kentucky, when he and General Wilson delivered addresses at the Lincoln Farm Centennial Celebration of 12 Feb., 1909.

#### REMARKS OF GENERAL WILSON

*Mr. President:*—On behalf of the members of The Lincoln Fellowship I have much pleasure in presenting to you this beautiful bronze medal by Roiné, designed by him as a Lincoln Centennial

Memorial. It is modeled by the successful sculptor from the death mask, and it is certainly a veritable artistic triumph in every particular, worthy of an honored place among your unequaled collection of Lincolniana. The medal is accompanied by a new and novel feature, a tasteful bronze stand, on which it can be suspended and most advantageously seen. Will you add also the Centennial Badge to your Lincoln treasures?

#### SPEECH OF MAJOR LAMBERT

*General Wilson:* I thank you and the other members of the Fellowship for the novel and beautiful testimonial which you have presented me. I will gladly add it to my collection, and will prize it because of its artistic merit and even more because it comes from you who have already highly honored me by twice electing me your President, and whom I highly esteem as comrades in loving service of a great memory. Please bear with me while I read this tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln:

Of the hundred years that have passed since the birth of Abraham Lincoln only fifty-six were covered by his life, and of these less than ten compassed his conspicuously prominent career. But so crowded were these few years that the many that have followed have not sufficed for the telling of their story. His dramatic death—the deep damnation of his taking off—the sudden plunge from the crest of victory to the depth of despair, from the rejoicing over Appomattox to the lamentation of the fifteenth of April, the awful calamity called forth such manifestation of sorrow as the world had never seen, for never

before had a nation's grief been so personal. It sought expression in myriad ways; in the cities, where his coffined body lay in state great crowds waited for hours that they might look upon his face; in town and country by day and by night multitudes thronged the lines of railway—standing with bared heads as the funeral train went by. Buildings draped in black—emblems of mourning everywhere present, while churches and halls echoed with eulogies of the Martyr President, as preacher and orator and poet vied in effort to voice the people's woe.

The personal note of sorrow was sounded by Whitman:

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale  
and still;

My Father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
nor will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage  
closed and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with  
object won—

Exult O Shores! and ring O Bells!

But I with mournful tread

Walk the deck, my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead.

Lowell, writing later, in calmer mood, uttered the national thought and analyzing the character and elemental greatness of the dead leader, prophesied his ultimate fame in language that seemed audacious because spoken while Grant, Farragut, Sherman, Thomas, Meade and Sheridan were still with us in the fulness of their deserved fame, but the poet, looking beyond them, declared:

Great Captains with their guns and drums

Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes:

These are all gone and standing like a tower  
Our children shall behold his fame

The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

The nearness and the intensity of the loss might well exaggerate the sense of its greatness and excuse extravagance of utterance, but the passing years so far from witnessing a reaction in judgment have approved it, thus vindicating the poet's foresight and verifying his inspiration.

Time that dulls the smart of all wounds, the rapid passing of the generation that endured the war and bewailed the fallen chief have largely eliminated the element of personal loss, but his memory has no wise dimmed, his fame has in no whit abated. The circumstances of his early life have been laid bare, all sources of information have been scrutinized microscopically, the memory and imagination of those who knew him, or thought they did, have been taxed to the utmost, his early words, spoken and written, have been rescued from shadowy tradition and obscurity of desk and closet. No recurring anniversary of his birth has failed of celebration, no year since his death has been without its biography. But the most intimate revelation of his life and of his foibles and limitations has not loosened his rightful hold upon the love and admiration of his countrymen.

Memorials by thousands in books and pamphlets, in statues and busts, in paintings and en-

gravings, in the names of towns and streets and of parks and buildings, testify how wide and how enduring is the appreciation of his memory.

How wondrous was his career! From the humblest and most unpromising beginnings he attained the height of fame; he wielded imperial power without abusing it, never for personal aggrandizement but only for the public good; he conducted a stupendous war to its triumphant close and in words that will be immortal gave to the object of the war, its most eloquent and adequate expression; he beheld the fulfillment of his own prophecy and by destroying the cause of danger saved the national edifice and founded it upon rock; without losing the gentleness that made him great he passed through a conflict of unsurpassed bitterness, in which he was vilified and denounced as buffoon and tyrant, and as that conflict drew to its close he declared himself with malice toward none and with charity for all. He led his people to victory, and dying, constrained his enemies to acknowledge that next to their own defeat the greatest disaster that had befallen them was the death of him who had defeated them. Well may we cherish the great President's memory as our choicest heritage and in our just pride in his life rejoice than in the Nation's supremest need, God give us Abraham Lincoln.

## Annual Meeting, 1910

THE MEETING was held at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York, on Saturday, February 12th, at 6:30 P. M. The following members were present: *President*, Major William H. Lambert; *Vice-Presidents*, General James Grant Wilson, Judge Daniel Fish, Charles W. McLellan, Alonzo Rothschild; *Treasurer*, Judd Stewart; *Secretary*, Francis D. Tandy. *Members*: General Daniel E. Sickles, Messrs. Matthew Page Andrews, David Homer Bates, Victor D. Brenner, Anthony Gross, Frederick Trevor Hill, Rev. S. Trevena Jackson, Hugh McLellan, Malcom McLellan, Frederick Hill Meserve, Daniel H. Newhall, August Kuhn, Orra L. Stone, Edward A. Sumner, Norman Veitch, Fred G. Wilson. The following guests were also present: Messrs. John C. McCall, Julius Kuhn, W. P. Thomas and Benjamin Tuska.

At the conclusion of the dinner, THE PRESIDENT called the meeting to order.

### REMARKS OF THE PRESIDENT

*Members of the Lincoln Fellowship and Guests:* I congratulate you, as I congratulate myself, upon this our second formal meeting. I find that we are in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the fact that we were unable to meet in 1909 because of the many Lincoln Centennial observances which required our presence elsewhere.



I have a message from our fellow member, Mr. J. B. Oakleaf, who telegraphed from Moline, Ill., yesterday.

## TELEGRAM FROM JOSEPH B. OAKLEAF

*Major Lambert:* Greetings from Illinois. Sorry I cannot be with you. I offer as a toast "Lincoln Fellowship: May it ever be worthy to bear the name of the man whose memory we commemorate to-day."

J. B. OAKLEAF.

General Wilson hands me a letter from Mr. Frederick Seward, which I take pleasure in reading:

## LETTER FROM FREDERICK W. SEWARD

MONTROSE, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1910.

*My dear General Wilson:* I wish I could accept your kind invitation for the 12th of February, and so have the pleasure of meeting you and other old friends of the Civil War period. But, as usual, my doctor forbids my going to town to attend evening festivities on winter nights. I am sorry it happens so, but my long illness of last year, warns me that his injunctions are not to be disregarded.

Every anniversary of Lincoln's birthday brings me many invitations—some of them from distant States—to attend public or private gatherings in his honor. I find in their increasing number a gratifying evidence of the steady growth of his already world-wide fame. Every such gathering is patriotic and praiseworthy for its effect in promoting due appreciation of his acts and character among the coming generations.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

We are exceedingly fortunate in having with us to-night our distinguished member, Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, whose privilege it was to know and be known by Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Lincoln Fellowship and Friends:* I shall not make any extended remarks, and must ask your indulgence in retaining my seat while addressing you.

I must apologize for my shortcomings this evening, as I have been suffering for the last two weeks from a bad cold, and it is only by considerable effort that I am able to be with you at all. It is a very great pleasure to be surrounded by so many gentlemen who are devoted to the memory of Abraham Lincoln—who have given so much time and thought and labor in collecting “*Lincolniana*,” as our worthy President very aptly puts it. I sympathize with you in this devotion to Lincoln, as he has always been one of my ideal heroes, not only from my personal and official relations with him, but because he is one of the greatest historical characters of all time, and one of the most celebrated of our American statesmen. I join you in cherishing his memory; his birthdays, so long as I am spared to know them, will always be to me glorious occasions.

With your permission, before I touch upon any reminiscences of the great martyr, I will venture to narrate one or two instances of my intercourse with his predecessor, my dear old friend, President James Buchanan, with whom I was associated in the Diplomatic service when he was Minister to London in 1853-54-55, and afterwards as

a Member of Congress from 1856 to 1861. I have always retained a warm personal regard for Mr. Buchanan. No matter what may have been said of him, he was a true patriot and an able statesman. I am tempted to give you one or two instances of "Buchaniana," on the advice of my friend, General Wilson, to whom I related one of them in the early part of the evening. When I asked him if I should venture to intrude upon you some of these stories, he said, "By all means." If you don't like them, you must charge them to General Wilson, for he promised to back me up.

You remember how anxious all our people were when, in the early part of 1861, Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie and transferred his garrison to Fort Sumter. The South Carolinans resented this movement; their plenipotentiaries in Washington went to Buchanan and protested against it, insisting that Anderson should be ordered back from Fort Sumter to Moultrie. Stanton, the then Attorney-General, and General John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury, argued with Mr. Buchanan, insisting that he should retain Anderson at Sumter. But their efforts were unavailing, so they came to me and told me the situation at the White House, begging me to see Mr. Buchanan and reinforce their appeal.

I said to them: "Gentlemen, I know Mr. Buchanan too well to attempt to change his views after two members of his cabinet and others have failed in their efforts to dissuade him; but if you will allow me, I will leave town this evening and take some steps of my own, in my own way, to influence the President in your direction."

They were not altogether pleased with this announcement of mine, but I was firm in my resolu-

tion. I put a clean shirt and nightgown in my portmanteau and took the next train for New York. Before starting, I sent telegrams to Philadelphia, Trenton and New York, to friends in those cities, asking them to meet me on my arrival. On reaching Philadelphia, I explained the situation to my friend, Daniel Dougherty, a distinguished member of the Bar and a warm friend of the President.

I said: "You know Buchanan, and that there is no way to reach him except through the force of public opinion. I want you to send a strong current of opinion from Philadelphia to the White House; I want you to have a National salute fired to-morrow morning, early, in Philadelphia, in honor of Mr. Buchanan's heroic determination to keep Major Anderson and his command in Fort Sumter; I want you to go to all the newspapers within your reach, and ask the editors to print editorials to-morrow morning, glorifying Mr. Buchanan for his patriotic resolution to keep Anderson at Fort Sumter; then go to the Banks and ask each of them to send telegrams to the President, praising him to the skies for his decision to keep Anderson at Fort Sumter. Give him a shower of telegrams, no matter how long."

After leaving Philadelphia, I proceeded to Trenton and went through the same performance. A big salute was fired in Trenton, which was followed up by 100 or more telegrams. I then pushed on to New York, where I was met by a number of friends—quite a crowd of them. I said I wanted 100 guns fired, and I wanted the newspapers to publish strong editorials similar to those which were to be published in Philadelphia and Trenton. Then I went to Wall Street, and got a lot of bank

presidents and some leading merchants and bankers to wire to Washington to the same effect.

On my return to Washington, I was met by Mr. Stanton, then Attorney-General, who put his arms around my neck and said: "Glorious! We have won. The old man showed us to-day a big pile of telegrams and editorials, and even the roar of those grand salutes seemed to have reached him."

In this manner, our purpose was accomplished, when it would have been impossible to move him by direct personal appeals. (*Applause.*)

I am glad that this incident has received so kind a reception at your hands, and we may consider that General Wilson is now absolved. Since you have received one story so graciously, I may, perhaps, venture to give you another. (*Applause.*)

On the 22d of February, 1861, General Scott, then Commander-in-chief of the Army, had a considerable force of Regulars in Washington which he had collected by direction of Buchanan, in order to preserve the peace in the Capitol while Mr. Lincoln was being inaugurated. Mr. Buchanan never got credit for this foresight. It was the largest regular force that had been seen in Washington since the War of 1812; it was a small army. But when Ex-President Tyler, of Virginia—who was the President of the Peace Commission, then deliberating in Washington in the hope of reaching a compromise of the controversy between the states—heard of the order for the parade, he protested to the President against what he called an offensive demonstration of military power, which he said would be sure to wound the sensibilities of Virginia and Maryland; and he asked Mr. Buchanan to countermand the order for the parade. Controlled by his strong desire for peace, and in

view of the earnest hope that the Peace Commission might reach a satisfactory conclusion of its labors, the President unfortunately consented to countermand General Scott's order for the military display. Enormous crowds of people, perhaps 20,000, had collected in the streets of Washington to see this parade. I was standing on the steps of the Treasury Department with Mrs. Stanton and one of the ladies of General Dix's family, waiting to see the column march past, when along came a friend of mine, Mr. Kennedy, of the Census Bureau, who was a well-known figure in Washington, and one of the first to hear anything new. He informed us that the parade would not take place. I was amazed at this announcement, and hurried to the office of General Dix and asked him if the rumor had any foundation, but he said it had not. I told him where I got the information, and went with him to the office of Mr. Stanton, who said he had not heard of it. They said they would both go to the White House and confer with the President on the subject, but would first call at the State Department and see if Secretary Black knew anything about it; they asked me, however, to go in advance to the White House and "break the ice."

When I reached the White House I learned that the President was at the War Department. Mr. Holt had been recently appointed Secretary of War, and was engaged with the President when I arrived at the War Department. The messengers had received orders not to announce anybody, nor to take in cards. While waiting in the reception room I spoke in a very loud tone of voice, which finally reached Mr. Buchanan, who came to the door, and in a low tone asked what all this ex-

citement was about. I then told him that I had heard that the order for the parade had been countermanded, and that thousands of people who had gathered in the streets of Washington to witness it would be greatly disappointed. I said that they would not stand for such vacillation. The Secretary of War, who was a Kentuckian—a Border-State Conservative—had his head bowed in his hands, and I was firmly convinced by his manner that he was the one who was responsible for the countermand. Mr. Buchanan finally said that he had no idea that there would be so much fuss made about the matter, and that, as the parade could not possibly do any harm, he directed the Secretary of War to notify General Scott that the countermand had been revoked, and that the parade might go on. Whereupon the Secretary jumped out of his chair and, taking his hat said he would deliver the order in person to General Scott, and not stop to write a letter.

As soon as Mr. Holt left the room Mr. Buchanan broke into a laugh, exclaiming that I had been lashing Judge Holt over his shoulders; that the Secretary of War had nothing to do with the order for the countermand. In fact, he was angered at the countermand and, said the President, "I have had difficulty in persuading him not to resign." The President insisted that I must humbly apologize to Judge Holt when he returned. Thereupon the President sat down and began to write a letter to Mr. Tyler, explaining what had happened, since it was at his request that the countermand had been issued. Sheet after sheet of paper was torn up by Mr. Buchanan, who was evidently not able to express himself satisfactorily on paper, whereupon he arose and said he

would go and see Mr. Tyler and make an explanation in person. At that moment Judge Holt returned, when he promptly united with me in an earnest remonstrance against the proposed visit to Mr. Tyler, pointing out to the President that it would be time enough for an explanation when Mr. Tyler chose to go to the White House and ask for it. This ended the incident. The parade went on—the multitude of spectators enjoyed it. Judge Holt and I became the best of friends. And no apology was made to Mr. Tyler!

My first impressions of Lincoln I got from Stephen A. Douglas. I must confess that when I heard of Lincoln's nomination, I was disappointed, so I went to see Senator Douglas and asked him whether Lincoln was anything more than a good stump orator.

Douglas said: "Don't make any mistake about Lincoln; he is one of the most brilliant men I have ever encountered. It is true he is a man of humble origin; he has never held any important public office, having spent but one term in Congress and two or three in the Legislature of Illinois, where he cut no great figure. He will prove to be a most popular candidate, and it will require all the efforts of the united Democratic party to defeat him."

From that moment, appreciating Douglas' knowledge of Lincoln, I for the first time regarded him as formidable.

I first met Mr. Lincoln in the latter part of February, 1861, when he came to Washington to be inaugurated. He came down to the House of Representatives for an informal visit to his friends in Congress. Instead of going over to the Republican side of the House, he went first to



the Democratic side. But none of the leaders came forward to meet him. I said to Mr. S. S. Cox, who was, like myself, one of the youngest members of the House: "Suppose you and I go forward and meet Mr. Lincoln?"

He acted upon my suggestion, and Mr. Seward, with whom I was well acquainted, presented us to Lincoln. Lincoln said that he was surprised to see the kind of man I was, since he expected to find a man as tall as he was, quite broad shouldered, athletic, and able to take care of himself in any kind of a scrap. He said that he found me a slender, scholarly-like young man, quite the opposite of what he had fancied from hearing about the doings in Tammany Hall. We chatted for some moments, and then, when some of the leaders on our side came forward, we retired.

"The next morning I received an invitation from Seward to dine with him at his residence. My relations with the Senator had been intimate, because I was the only Democratic member of the House who voted for the Pacific Railroad Bill. Seward had charge of that bill in the Senate, and I frequently had consultations with him in regard to its progress through the House. On one of these occasions a note had been brought to Mr. Seward asking him to secure social invitations for some of his constituents who did not know that Mr. Seward himself was not welcome at these parties. Mr. Seward said that he was very much embarrassed, and did not know what to do. I said if you will get me the cards of your friends, I will undertake to secure invitations for them, and will do so as often as may be necessary. He expressed great pleasure at this, and said he

would be happy to do anything for me should the opportunity present itself.

At the dinner, no politics were discussed, but after it was over he took me into the library and showed me some sheets from the forthcoming inaugural address of Mr. Lincoln. He proceeded to read extracts from the address in which Mr. Lincoln declared his firm belief in the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law, and also that he regarded the institution of slavery as a state matter—free from interference by the Federal government, and he went so far as to declare that he would favor a constitutional amendment providing for the non-interference of the Federal government with the institution of slavery in the states where it existed, but he protested against the extension of slavery into free territory.

I confess I was profoundly impressed with what I regarded as the statesmanlike character of these utterances, and I decided to go to the White House and communicate them to the President. Notwithstanding the fact that the hour was late and that the President had retired, I was summoned to his bedroom, and there told him about these extracts. The President expressed the greatest contempt for my communication, and asked me how long since I had become the messenger for such a wily politician as Mr. Seward. I told him that I had the highest respect for Mr. Seward, who was a United States Senator from New York, and had also been Governor of my state, and that my personal relations with him had long been so intimate as to forbid the possibility of any deceit or misrepresentation. Mr. Buchanan finally said that if Mr. Lincoln gave utterance to such sentiments in his inaugural

address they would have a far-reaching effect in promoting peace. Mr. Buchanan said that he would be present alongside of Mr. Lincoln when his address was being delivered, although it would mean a certain amount of danger to all who were there. I was near Mr. Buchanan on the 4th of March, in front of the Capitol, and heard Lincoln's inaugural, and when he had finished uttering the above sentiments the joy of Buchanan could not be restrained.

He said to me: "Thank God! That means peace! Mr. Lincoln is a statesman."

After General Hooker took command of the Army, Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln and their little boy Tad came down to the camp for a visit. As we had no houses about the camp, they were all lodged in tents at headquarters. I went over and invited Lincoln and his family to visit the Third Army Corps, under my command, which was the largest in the army at that time. I mounted Tad on a pony belonging to my bugler, which made the lad feel very proud, and I gave the bugler one of my horses, with orders to act as Tad's orderly and do whatever Tad wished done. Mrs. Lincoln did not feel well enough to join the President, so he came alone, accompanied only by Tad. My soldiers, of course, were told of the visit, and they gave the President an enthusiastic reception which pleased Lincoln very, very much. I designated about 150 mounted officers in full uniform to meet him at his entrance to my camp and escort him to headquarters. Some thirty ladies had assembled, anxious to see the President. One of them came up to me and said: "The President seems to have a very sad look."

I said: "Maybe we can do something to make

him more cheerful. Suppose you form a line of ladies and each of you give him a kiss."

That proposition did not receive much favor, as there was no one willing to take the lead. I spoke to the Princess Salm-Salm about it, and she agreed to lead off, but she did not see how she could reach the President, as he was so very tall—six feet, four.

I said: "Maybe the President will meet you halfway, that is, I think he will lean down a little."

The Princess Salm-Salm was a charming woman, the American wife of Prince Salm-Salm, an officer in the Prussian Army, commanding a regiment in the Eleventh Army Corps. After I had formed the ladies in line, she went up to him, and sure enough he leaned down a little, and the other ladies followed her example with broad smiles and laughter.

After that Lincoln was cheerful. But, while all is well that ends well, this did not end so very well as Little Tad carried the story over to the camp where his mother was, and when she heard of it she gave the President a long curtain lecture. Of course, the talk between them in the camp was overheard, as they were in a tent, and it was soon known by everyone that Lincoln had been called to account.

The next morning I went over to headquarters, but was advised to keep away from Mrs. Lincoln, as she had been informed that I was the one who had suggested the kissing performance.

When Mr. Lincoln was ready to return to Washington, I was designated by the Commanding General to accompany him to the steamer and return with him and his family to the White

House. The President chatted freely with me, and when the time came for dinner we all went to the table. Mrs. Lincoln was very reserved. Mr. Lincoln kept up a string of anecdotes, telling story after story, but there was not a word to be had from Mrs. Lincoln. Finally, the President said to me that he had heard, while in camp, that I was "a very pious man."

I said that if I enjoyed such a reputation as that I felt sure that I did not deserve it.

The President said that since he had been in camp he had heard that I was "a great psalmist." I replied, that while I read the Psalms, as every intelligent person did, I was not on that account entitled to be known as a pious man or as a 'Psalmist.' "

The President then exclaimed: "Sickles, I have not only heard while in your camp that you are a Psalmist, but I heard from the best authority that you are a 'Salm-Salmist.' "

This bold allusion to the kissing incident at once softened Mrs. Lincoln's resentment. She joined in the laugh, and, offering me her hand, amiably said she would "let bygones be bygones." (*Laughter and applause.*)

I am sorry, gentlemen, to have detained you so long, and thank you for your kind appreciation of my remarks. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: I am glad to announce that we have with us to-night the author of "Lincoln as a Lawyer," and I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill.

*Mr. Hill spoke of his experiences in gathering material for his writings about Abraham Lin-*

*coln and the competition among the school children in 1909.*

THE PRESIDENT: One of our members, who is an enthusiastic and successful collector, has been privileged to visit the Lincoln Country, and I ask him to tell us of his journey. I am happy to introduce Mr. Orra L. Stone.

*Mr. Stone gave a very interesting account of his pilgrimage to the homes and country made famous by association with Lincoln.*

*Mr. Hill and Mr. Stone requested that their remarks be not reported.*

THE PRESIDENT: We will now return to the older generation and I will call upon our friend, General Wilson, who enjoyed the privilege of intimate acquaintance with the Martyr President.

#### SPEECH OF GEN. JAS. GRANT WILSON

*Mr. President:* As the hour is too late for me to make a speech, I will simply relate a short Lincoln story before leaving this pleasant party. During the year 1864, when I happened to be in Washington, David Tod, then War Governor of Ohio, and later, American Minister to the Court of Brazil, come to the Capital to consult with the War Department, and the President, on business of the State with the Government.

When the official interview with the Chief Magistrate was concluded, Mr. Lincoln, in the course of a friendly conversation, remarked: "I observe, Governor, that you spell your name with one D. Perhaps you are not aware that I married into the well-known Todd family of Ken-

tucky, and they always spell their name with two D's," adding: "How is it you spell your name with only one D instead of two?"

Governor Tod promptly replied: "Mr. President, God spells his name with one D, and one D is enough for the Governor of Ohio." (*Applause.*)

As General Wilson's condition of health unfortunately compelled him to leave at eleven o'clock, he kindly complied with the committee's request and supplied the speech that he purposed delivering had he been well enough to have remained to the close of the entertainment.

#### GENERAL WILSON'S UNDELIVERED ADDRESS

With pride and pleasure, I appear in this place and in this presence, as one of the survivors—General Sickles being another—of almost three millions of Lincoln soldiers and sailors, who served in the Army and Navy of the United States during what is officially designated as the War of the Rebellion. Of the 2,778,304 men who on land and sea fought for four fateful years that this nation should not perish from the earth, less than one-fifth of the number are now living, the others having completed life's journey and passed on

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace,

to join the Martyr-President. In a few decades the last survivor who followed the dear old flag on the fields of Shiloh, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Mobile Bay, will have "crossed the bar," joining their illustrious leaders, Grant,

Farragut, Sherman, Sheridan, and Lincoln—greatest of them all—in honor of whose gracious memory we are gladly assembled here this evening.

It is among the greatest mysteries of modern history that the child born in *annus mirabilis* 1809, of illiterate and impoverished parents, without any educational or other advantages whatsoever, should, through life, have always been a leader and master of men. For centuries, scholars have in vain searched for the sources from which Shakespeare drew the inspiration that placed him first among the sons of men. Lincoln biographers have been equally baffled in similar attempts to discover from whence came the truly wonderful power to control and lead all sorts and conditions of his fellow men, that was certainly possessed by the son of poor whites of Kentucky, whose rude log cabin I visited in company with President Roosevelt a year ago to-day.

As a youth, Abraham Lincoln's alertness, skill, and strength easily made him a recognized leader among his rough companions in their amusements and contests. When a company was raised in his county for the Black Hawk War, Lincoln, then but twenty-three years of age, was unanimously elected by his seniors their Captain, which, as he assured your speaker, gave him greater pleasure than his elevation to the Presidency. At the Illinois bar, he was early recognized by his integrity and ready wit, as the superior of his duller associates. As a political debater, Lincoln defeated Douglas, one of the ablest speakers of the United States Senate, and but a brief period passed as President, before the gifted statesmen of his distinguished Cabinet recognized him as



their master. Grant praised Lincoln as being in military matters superior to many of his prominent generals, and I heard my old commander, Sherman, say, that the President was among the ablest strategists of the war. The *beau sabreur* Sheridan shared the opinion of his two seniors.

It was my peculiar privilege to hear several of the most famous speeches delivered during, and before, the Civil War, by the great American who stands second only to Washington. Abraham Lincoln was not only one of the wisest of men and an astute statesman, but the English-speaking world is now aware that he was also among its very greatest orators. This fact was not appreciated during his short life of fifty-six years. The flowers of rhetoric are conspicuous by their absence from his speeches, but it may be doubted if Demosthenes, Chatham, or Webster could have found equally as fit words to express the broad philosophy and the exquisite pathos of the Gettysburg Address. Oxford University, passing by the brilliant orations of Burke and Gladstone, exhibits as a model of perfect English the two-minute speech of the uneducated backwoodsman. Lincoln's Second Inaugural is among the most famous spoken or written utterances in our language. Portions of it have been compared to the lofty lines of the ancient Hebrew poets, and as being

“Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme.”

Owing to the circumstance of my escorting the daughter and daughter-in-law of the Secretary of State, I was seated within a few yards of the President when he delivered this immortal ad-

dress, and deem it among the most fortunate events of my life that it was my privilege to be present.

I well remember as a youth, the nation's grief over the death of the distinguished Kentuckian, Henry Clay; the widespread mourning occasioned by the departure of New England's majestic Webster, and sorrow caused by the passing away of famous Farragut, followed by the illustrious triumvirate, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, but never except in the death of Lincoln, did the country witness such sincere sorrow among the plain people and the race that he had liberated; also such numbers of soldiers and sailors shedding tears for the great President whom many had never beheld. Children were seen crying in the streets. Never before, it has been truthfully said by Lowell, was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman. Grant remarked to your speaker that the day of Lincoln's death was the saddest of his life. The great war President's was a life that made a vast difference to all Americans; all are better off than if he had not lived; and this betterness is for always, it did not die with him—that is the true estimate of a *great* life.

Theodore Roosevelt said of his three greatest predecessors among the twenty-four Presidents of the United States: "Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier, and later

Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed forever."

What, we may ask, would have been the history of our country without these three mighty men? It certainly may be questioned if we could have achieved independence without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt if the Republic could have maintained its integrity without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory but a condition, and we are now forever united in fact, as well as in name. In the words of the greatest of poets:

Those opposed eyes  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,  
Shall now in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way.

It is perhaps the greatest glory of this triumvirate of uncrowned American kings, that they were alike spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory far on in summers that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame, the stream of time will beat without injury. The names of Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant the savior of our country, are enrolled in the Capitol, and they belong to the endless and everlasting ages.

THE PRESIDENT: One of the best authenticated anecdotes of Lincoln is that told on the authority of his intimate friend, Joshua Speed, who relates

the story known to most of you concerning the first lightning rod erected in Springfield, and which was the first that Lincoln had seen. It was this that aroused his interest in the subject of electricity, and I am happy to show you, as I do now, a piece of that lightning rod. It appears that George Forquer, a prominent lawyer, formerly a Whig, had gone over to the opposite party and soon thereafter received an appointment to a lucrative office. In a political meeting, Lincoln was taken to task by Forquer, who sneeringly commented upon the youth of the former, and said that he must be taken down. Replying, Lincoln said: "I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician; but, live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and simultaneous with the change receive an office worth \$3,000 per year, and then have to erect a lightning rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

We have with us a member who has contributed valuable information concerning Mr. Lincoln's interest in applied electricity, and I have great pleasure in calling upon Mr. David Homer Bates, Author of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office." (*Applause.*)

#### SPEECH OF MR. DAVID HOMER BATES

*Mr. President:* I am glad to be with so many friends of Mr. Lincoln, and to contribute a few experiences of my own to those which have already been given. At the beginning of the war, I was a telegraph operator under Mr. Carnegie, who sent for operators on the Pennsylvania Rail-

road lines, to go to Washington and take service with the government. Four of us arrived on April 27, 1861. Only one other of the party, Richard O'Brien, now of Scranton, is still living. I saw a great deal of Mr. Lincoln up to the time that he was assassinated, as it was his habit to come into the War Department telegraph office both day and night. I remember him distinctly, notwithstanding the years that have come and gone since that time.

Mr. Carnegie was at that time superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it was his message that brought us into the government service. On our way there, we traveled on the steamboat "Maryland," and then went to Annapolis. The telegraph office was in the southeastern part of the old historical War Department building, torn down in 1879 to make room for the present War, State, and Navy Department building. The telegraph office was afterwards moved into another part of the old building. I was on duty from that time on until August, 1866, and until his death met Mr. Lincoln almost daily, except when he was absent at the front. His manner to me was always that of a very serious man, except when he was telling stories, but he did not tell so many as he had the reputation of telling. A great many anecdotes which are attributed to him I have heard from the lips of other men. In writing my "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" I was careful not to include any anecdote which could not be traced to him with certainty. I am free to say that I found it impossible to verify many stories which are usually credited to Lincoln and the task of tracing authorities was one of great difficulty.

To speak of Lincoln without mentioning his habit of telling stories would be like leaving Hamlet out of the play of that name.

Lincoln had the delightful quality of humor as distinguished from wit. Humor is creative and breeds happiness, wit, per se, is destructive and often leaves in its trail an angry feeling. Lincoln never in my hearing uttered a remark that left a sting behind it. He seemed to be always on the lookout to do or say something to put the company present in a pleasant frame of mind.

Sir Francis Burnaud, long Editor of "Punch," in an address at Chester, England, several years ago, said in substance that many witticisms which were supposed to be original at the time of publication in Punch had been copied in other journals, and after wandering all over Europe and America, the old jokes sadly battered and disguised, were often brought back to Mr. Punch, who was expected to welcome as distinguished foreigners, the children of his own creation or of which he was a godfather. Sir Francis added that Punch kept a joke index, to which, in such cases, they often referred only to discover the "fly in the amber."

In the abstract, this principle of the antiquity of jokes is correct, as frequent concrete instances served to show. The only one of Lincoln's witticisms which I do not recall having seen in print will illustrate this point.

In the War Department telegraph office adjoining one of the cipher operator's desks, there was, at one time, an old-fashioned haircloth lounge, on which the President sometimes reclined while waiting for news from the front. On one occasion he was seen to get up from the old lounge

and flick from his vest a small brown bug known to entomologists as belonging to the species "cimex lectularius." As he did so, he looked around with his usual smile when emitting humor, and said: "Well, I have always had a great fondness for that old settee, but now that it has become a little buggy I shall have to give it up."

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun. One of the flippant phrases of our own day, "He bit off more than he can chew," may be recognized in finer words in our Saviour's sarcastic remark to the Pharisees, "Ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." And again the adage, "Handsome is that handsome does," may be traced back to Christ's saying, also to the Judean gentry, "Ye make clean the platter but inwardly ye are ravening wolves."

I cast my first vote for Abraham Lincoln in the year 1864, and I shall always recollect that fact with a great deal of pleasure.

I was in the War Department Telegraph Office during the four years of Mr. Lincoln's wonderful national career, and until the last day of his life, when, with my comrades, Mr. Albert B. Chandler, now of Brooklyn, Thomas A. Laird, now of Buffalo, George C. Maynard, now of Washington, and others, we transmitted over the telegraph wires those remarkable bulletins written by Secretary of War Stanton at the deathbed, which gave the first authentic account of the great tragedy which plunged the whole nation in mourning. On the morning of the day of his death, I wrote in my war diary these words, which I think will indicate the beautiful character of Abraham Lincoln as it appeared to me then: St. James III-17, "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to

be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: Judge Daniel Fish, of Minneapolis, whom most of you know because of his useful labors in Lincoln bibliography, is with us this evening. He earnestly requests, however, that he be not called upon to speak. (*Vigorous applause.*) There, Judge, I haven't called upon you. (*Renewed applause.*)

#### SPEECH OF JUDGE DANIEL FISH

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* It would be churlish in me not to respond at all to a greeting so urgent and so evidently friendly. Still, it seems too bad to mar an event like this with unconsidered talk from one who has no particular message to communicate, or none that is not better expressed by the mere fact of his presence; and who therefore has framed no thought into presentable language. Besides, I had supposed that the contract made with our honored chairman was binding and enforceable, so that both you and I would be spared.

My great joy in the occasion lies in the gratification of a long-cherished desire to meet face to face a group of gentlemen, many of whom I have come to know through correspondence in the pursuit of our mutual and most enjoyable fad, or by reputation as writers upon themes of especial interest to this company. I have never yet come in contact with any man or woman who loved the memory and character of Lincoln whom it was not both safe and altogether delightful to know. As a fellow worshiper at the same crowded shrine, I



have at least that one title to the welcome which you have so cordially extended.

The personal note can hardly be avoided at such a meeting. I am one of that devoted band whose members are building monuments to our hero in the form of Lincoln collections. We gather up the printed memorabilia of our hero, of which there is, and is to be, an extraordinary quantity, with a view to preserving it in places where future admirers and students may find ready access to a marvelous store of contemporary narrative, opinion and comment. It is quite safe to say that, outside of sacred history, scarcely one man other than Shakespeare, the genius of all nations and ages, has evoked a personal literature so copious and varied. We reach the end of the centennial year to-night, and already more than 1,500 distinct books and pamphlets have been catalogued, representing all the civilized nations and tongues of earth, each having for its principal topic some phase of the life, sayings, or death of Abraham Lincoln. Among them are upward of 150 extended biographies. Try to think of any other man of whom twenty, or even ten, biographies have been published! There seems to be an inexhaustible market for the Lincoln story in the ever-renewing affection of the people.

My own relation to this zealous coterie of searchers is that of the proverbial hewer of wood and drawer of water. Whenever there is a puzzling question of Lincoln Bibliography to settle, I am the "George" who is permitted to "do it"—at least for the moment. And when it is done, the other cranks—or some of them, anyhow—sit back and emit sarcastic remarks. I try to define the limits of legitimate Lincolniana in the one class

of books and brochures, while they "cuss" because I omit some doubtful item for which they have been induced to exchange good money. But they are dear fellows for all that; and they attend all the auctions, and make my few desirable accessions very dear indeed.

The first Lincoln book I ever bought was also my first purchase of any book that was not either a schoolbook or a Beadle's Dime novel. It was "The President's Words," a compilation from the speeches and writings made by Edward Everett Hale, now of blessed memory. This was on my way home from the army in '65, while yet in the first half of my eighteenth year. The book was lost during the boarding-house days, but, of course, was thought of when I began to form a Lincoln library. A prolonged search for another copy ended at last in an appeal to the dear old doctor himself, who took great pains to find and send one to me. The incident gives me pleasure for two reasons: The original purchase was a boy's unconscious testimony to the profound influence which the life and words of the great War President exercised over all of us in the rebellion days. It was more than kingly. And the re-acquirement of the book, nearly thirty years later, brings to mind the many pleasant and fruitful acquaintanceships that have come to me because of the labors to which I have alluded.

But I wish to listen rather than talk. I want to hear from our venerable rebel friend, McLellan—almost the only rebel I have known who never needed reconstruction. And the voice of that red-headed cyclone from Kansas, the genial and confiding Judd Stewart, is always pleasing to me.

He left me alone with his choice and extensive collection the other morning, with twenty Jersey miles and the Hudson River between us. A smelter "trust" is no match for a trust like that. I want to hear him speak, and then I want to get away from New York before he misses anything.

But I mean to come back next year, if I can possibly borrow the necessary funds—unless you will come West. Minneapolis, you must know, is far from the seaboard. And that reminds me of Captain Sigsbee of the Maine, who visited us not long ago. We gave him a little dinner at the Club and said all the complimentary things that occurred to us. One speaker commended the Navy for having, among other achievements, "driven piracy from the high seas." The Captain (now Admiral, I believe, or hope) had been induced, in some unguarded moment, to buy lots in one of our remote "additions." They had produced nothing of value save luxuriant taxes and special assessments. In responding he referred to this experience, and remarked that the expulsion of piracy from the sea was a service for which the navy could claim little credit, since it still flourished only a short distance inland. (*Laughter.*)

So if you come to Minneapolis for the next meeting, or the next, and are tempted to buy lots too far from the Courthouse, remember I have warned you. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: We have with us our old friend, Mr. McLellan, who has spoken to us on a previous occasion, giving us some interesting reminiscences of his intercourse with Mr. Lincoln, and I take very great pleasure in calling upon him this evening. (*Applause.*)

## SPEECH OF MR. CHARLES W. McLELLAN

*Mr. President and Brothers of the Lincoln Fellowship:* Although one of the four present with us to-night who knew and conversed with Mr. Lincoln, I hesitate to speak because it can be said of me that I saw both sides of the Great Question. Think of me being a member of the Springfield (Illinois) Zouave Grays, drilled by Ellsworth, when they gave in 1860 an entertainment in the Public Hall in Springfield which, I feel sure, Mr. Lincoln himself attended, and then, fifty years later (this last summer) being introduced to a postmaster of a little town in Florida, who said that in 1861 he was in a Florida regiment stationed at Fort Gaines, and who could claim comradeship with me, as I was in an Alabama regiment at the same post at the same time. Another circumstance good to relate in this connection was told me by a member of our Mobile Cadets, who became a merchant in Jacksonville, and who, during the Spanish War would ask boys from the camp to dine at his home; among those entertained one Sunday was a member of the old Mobile regiment and also a member of the Springfield company from Illinois, now side by side in the same command and in the same cause.

Living in Springfield during the exciting days of the Debates and the formative period of the Republican Party, I can recall many incidents of that time. The day of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in May, 1860, he was in a store adjoining the Bank where I was employed, and with others I rushed out to congratulate him. I recall Carl Schurz coming to Springfield, and I attended a great

meeting in the Representatives' Hall of the State House, at which both he and Lincoln spoke.

Quite an event later was the passage through the town of Mr. William H. Seward on the great tour of the States he was making in Mr. Lincoln's behalf. Hearing of his expected arrival from St. Louis on his way to Chicago, a large crowd of us accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the Chicago & Alton Depot to greet him. As the train came to a stop several climbed into the car windows over the shoulders of others, and as the great men clasped hands I landed through a window into a seat right by them.

I heard Mr. Seward's graceful words as he thanked us for our "kind and generous reception at the home of your distinguished fellow citizen, our excellent and honored candidate for the chief magistracy of the United States." He then spoke of the generous and cheerful and effective support that New York State would surely give our neighbor, Abraham Lincoln; a majority, he predicted, of no less than sixty thousand, adding: "The State of New York never fails, never flinches; she voted to establish this (Illinois) a land of freedom for you in 1787; she sustained the Ordinance of '87 'till you were able to take care of yourselves'; she will sustain your distinguished neighbor because she knows he is true to this great principle," etc.

Mr. Lincoln replied in a few words: "Twelve years ago you told me that this cause would be successful, and ever since I have believed it would be. Even if it did not succeed now my faith would not be shaken."

The noble manner in which Governor Seward helped the election of Lincoln should never be for-

gotten. James Russell Lowell said at the time: "I have ceased to regret Mr. Seward's defeat, for his magnanimity shown since the result of the Convention was known, has been a greater ornament to him and a greater help to his party than his election to the Presidency would have been."

We should also remember the deep devotion which Stephen A. Douglas always showed to the Union; his life was seemingly a sacrifice to an endeavor to compromise and delay. But a few days before the election in November, 1860, I heard him deliver, in Mobile, one of his great speeches. It was more a plea for the Union of the States, a picture of the consequences should Alabama secede, than any argument for his own election.

Indeed, we were each one as a man carrying a lantern on a very dark night; few apprehended the struggle we were approaching. It seemed impossible to see the relation of immediate events to the whole world and to the future; but as time passes and Lincoln's fame and genius attain the mountain heights, we begin to realize how he alone did see the dangers and possibilities involved. To his far-seeing, prophetic vision the crisis had come in the conflict that had been waged for ages between Caste and Man, of privilege and wealth against the rights of the individual; the rule of the few, represented by the Cavaliers who came to the South and meant aristocracy; against the rule of all, represented by the Puritans who came to our northern shores and meant democracy. He knew and realized that the time had come to determine, not so much the immediate question of slavery in America, or whether this particular government should perish from the

face of the earth; but away and beyond all this, whether the humblest individual everywhere should govern himself and rise to the highest possibilities of manhood, or be always a serf to privilege and wealth.

A distinguished orator, the Hon. Herbert M. Heath, of Maine, has said: "Mr. Lincoln brought to his high office the broadest knowledge of American History and of the philosophy of our system of government. He had absorbed the wisdom of Franklin, the patriotism of Washington, the philosophy of Hamilton, the democracy of Jefferson, the courage of Jackson, the learning of Marshall. It was to be and was the struggle of the ages: Shall self-government exist and man be uplifted, not simply here, not simply now, but everywhere and for all time to come. And to Abraham Lincoln was committed this great trust of humanity. He knew in his innermost being that war was inevitable; that the hour had come for the republic to be baptized in blood."

He approached it with a charity, a tenderness, that had not been seen in the earth for two thousand years; "not one word of malice escaped his lips during all the great conflict. He was reviled and slandered, 'but as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.' His entire administration was one protracted magnanimity. He won a victory over the South, and is to-day our strongest appeal to the South."\* (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: I will now call upon Mr. Rothschild, the author of "Lincoln, the Master of Men," which contains much valuable information about Mr. Lincoln, presented in novel and interesting form. (*Applause.*)

## SPEECH OF MR. ALONZO ROTHSCHILD

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:* You surely do not expect me, at this late hour, to make a speech. I had, in fact, as you see, just gathered up my belongings in the shape of these handsome souvenirs, and was about to say "finis" to a most enjoyable evening when our respected chairman spake my name. He was under no contract, as he was with our worthy bibliographer, Judge Fish, not to call on me; for it never occurred to me that in the presence of so many members who were privileged to know Abraham Lincoln in the flesh, your program would be departed from to the extent of calling on one whose knowledge of the Martyr President has all been gained, so to say, at second hand. I came to learn, not to teach, to listen, not to speak, to gather somewhat of inspiration from the words of these our older brothers, and I have not been disappointed.

It has been a delightful experience this evening—for this is the first meeting of the Lincoln Fellowship that it has been my privilege to attend—to look into the faces and take the hands of so many Lincoln lovers with whom I had already become so well acquainted through the medium of kind letters and many courtesies. I am reminded of how one of our New England writers visited Luther Burbank, and introduced himself as one who was interested in nature and in Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Emerson!" said Burbank, extending both hands, "I love any man who loves Emerson." It is no mere echo of that incident for me to say: "I love any man who loves Lincoln." And now that I have uttered that magic name, and now that I have entered upon that theme, I verily fear that



if I do not watch myself I shall be making a speech after all. For he would be slow of utterance indeed whose tongue could not be quickened in this presence and after these eloquent addresses into some expression worthy of the great memory which we have come here to-night to celebrate.

Like Mr. Hill, to whose book I take pleasure in acknowledging my obligations, I approached a study of Lincoln's life in the spirit of a critic rather than that of a eulogist. It seemed to me that the praise was overdone; that the generation of men who had worked and fought and suffered with Abraham Lincoln, who had passed with him through the fiery furnace of that terrible conflagration which we call the Civil War, and who had mourned his tragic end as men never before mourned the death of a public leader, were partisans in the very nature of the case. They seemed in a fair way to idealize Lincoln as a previous generation had idealized another great American, and that we were in danger of losing the man Lincoln as we have all but lost the true Washington. In this mood, with a firm determination to seek out and tell the truth I began my researches, resolved to "follow copy," as the printers say, if it blew out of the window. As my studies proceeded, I became impressed at every step with the vastness of the field that this man had dominated. His character seems to grow as the panorama of war and diplomacy unfolded itself before my astonished eyes; and as the measure of his greatness dawned upon me, I realized my own smallness and inefficiency. It did not seem possible for a man of ordinary attainments to do justice to Lincoln's career. I began to think

that if I could thoroughly study one small part of his achievements—perhaps one single phase of his character—the result might be a contribution not wholly unacceptable to the growing number of people who are devoting themselves to a better understanding of the great President.

If you care to know my conclusion, it is this: making due allowance for the exaggeration of hero-worship, taking into the account the epic strain that has become habitual with patriotic Americans, I believe that the story of Abraham Lincoln may be accepted as it has come down to us. In all the essentials that go to the making of a great national hero, he responds to searching critical investigation as has no great figure in history, within my perhaps limited knowledge. Wherever I applied the touchstone, I found the true metal—the pure gold.

But you see how I am rambling on. I am reminded of a committee-man with whom I once served. He concluded a lengthy statement with: "I would have made this report much briefer if I had had time to prepare it." Let me leave with you at least one thought that passed through my mind this evening as I sat and listened to our speakers. Abraham Lincoln's most important contribution to our history does not consist in the immortal proclamation that led to the emancipation of the slaves, nor in the fact that his strong hand was on the helm of the ship of state when it tossed in the wildest storm that any nation has yet encountered and wholly survived. Those things, important as they are, were but incidents that loom large in our eyes now; but in time to come they will recede into their proper places in the perspective of history, as if they were but mile-stones on the eternal high-

way over which the nations of the earth are moving. What, then, is the important thing? It is the man's example—the influence of his character and his career that will, as time goes on prove to be the richest heritage left by the nineteenth century to the American people, and, in fact, to the people of all countries where what is true, and pure, and great, in public life, is now or shall hereafter be the sole standard for leaders of men.

In the State House of Massachusetts on Beacon Hill, has been placed a measure of fifty feet, so protected that it is impervious to accidental influences, yet accessible to all. Whenever a man suspects that his measure has departed in any degree from the correct limits, he may come and compare it for correction by this invariable standard. So we, and our children's children, will, as time goes on, return for comparison to the high standards set by Abraham Lincoln. When trying problems present themselves, when we are face to face with questions which we cannot answer, which try the judgment or baffle the conscience of our people, will we not find ourselves asking how he would have acted in a similar emergency? Will we not say: "What would Lincoln have done?" "What would Lincoln have said?" and after such questions, may we not hope that the answers will compel a rededication to the principles of private and public honor that raised him to the place that his memory holds in our affections? It is because his influence rather than what he actually achieved is the essential fact that such organizations as the Lincoln Fellowship, devoted to the perpetuation of his memory, may justly claim to be numbered among the important patriotic forces of the day.

May that force be exerted for many years with unabated power.

THE PRESIDENT: The field of Lincoln collecting is so broad that no single collector can hope to cultivate the whole, hence the necessity for specialization. Not the least interesting feature of Lincolniana is its portraiture, and one of our members has been particularly successful in the discovery and acquisition of Lincoln photographs, and he has generously shared with us the valuable results of his endeavor, I ask Mr. Frederick H. Meserve to tell us of his work.

#### SPEECH OF MR. FREDERICK HILL MESERVE

MR. PRESIDENT: I appreciate the kind words you have spoken about my efforts to collect and collate the photographs of Lincoln. My part in preserving the record of the life and times of the great President is small when compared to the labors of others here to-night, but it is a part that appeals to the eye and fixes the face and form forever in the mind.

Begun seven or eight years ago my collection is not complete, but it has nearly all of the life photographs. It has been a keen delight to search for an alleged new item. I have followed clues and written countless letters, as have you when on the trail of an elusive pamphlet. But in nearly every case after the photograph has been literally wrung from the owner's possession, it has happened to be a poor copy of a well-known portrait, or a copy of an engraving, or a photographic copy of a marvelous work of art done in oils by some

local house painter of the period, but which the owner might sell if I would mortgage my city house.

The photographs show Lincoln to us as he was. No written description of the man can take the camera's place. And if the camera cannot always catch the smiles and sorrows or portray sublime greatness by its moment's look, it can at least tell us that he was a real personage, which is what some inspired admirers would have us forget.

Not the least part of the pleasure derived from my share in our self-imposed labors is that which I find in the friendships of kindred spirits, and in these gatherings. I hope we may continue to meet each year to compare notes, perhaps to boast a little, to welcome newcomers to our Company of Collectors unlimited, and to render our tribute to the mind that controlled the destiny of a nation. The President called upon Mr. Matthew Page Andrews to tell something of the important collection of letters and manuscripts relating to Lincoln formerly owned by Col. Ward H. Lamon. Mr. Andrews stated briefly his high appreciation of the value of this collection which he had recently examined.

The Secretary read the following letters:

#### LETTER FROM ROBERT LINCOLN

CHICAGO, January 10th, 1910.

*Dear Mr. Tandy:* I am greatly obliged for the kind terms of your letter, inviting me to the Dinner of The Lincoln Fellowship on February 12th, next; but I am compelled to say to you, that I do

not find it practicable to accept it. As you perhaps know, it has been a steady rule of mine to refrain from attending dinners in honor of my father during all the long time that they have been given—and there are many of them given every year. I took this course from the start, for I felt that if I attended on one occasion it would be very difficult to refrain from accepting a similar invitation at another time, and that consequently on that day I would always have long journeys to make. But more than all this, on nearly every one of the occasions, it would have been expected that I should myself take some part more than that of a mere guest, and I frankly say to you that that would be very embarrassing to me to do. It has always seemed to me better that I should leave to others the discussion of my father's relations to the public affairs of the United States.

The only exceptions I have made were last year upon the extraordinary celebration which was given at Springfield, Illinois. The circumstances of this were so peculiar that I thought it right to make the exception, and I am, of course, glad that I did so. Later in the year I attended the unveiling of a statue erected near the birthplace of my father, because that, too, was a very exceptional occasion.

I am therefore going to thank you, and ask you to excuse me from accepting the present invitation. It would be a very great pleasure personally to meet those who will be there, many of whom I am sure that I know personally, and others I consider as friends whom I have not yet seen.

I trust that you will understand my feelings about the matter, but will appreciate that I re-

gard meetings of this kind in the most grateful way.

Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary*.

LETTER FROM GEN. JULIUS STAHEL

NEW YORK, January 8, 1910.

*Dear Mr. Tandy:* I am in receipt of your communications of the 5th and 6th instant, and in reply, permit to state, that I highly appreciate the honor the Committee has done me, by requesting me to make an address at the coming dinner of The Lincoln Fellowship on February 12th next.

It would be most gratifying for me to do so, for I have known Abraham Lincoln personally, and experienced the force of his kindly paternal nature, and hence it is with deep-felt regret, that owing to my physical condition, I am forced to deprive myself of the privilege of being present on such an interesting occasion, and of adding so far as I am able, my humble tribute to the memory of that exceptionally great and good man, whose unflattering faith, untiring energy and patriotism, availed so much to perpetuate the integrity and stability of our Government.

Very truly yours,

JULIUS STAHEL.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary*.

The Secretary reported the following condition of membership:

Membership last year .....	134	
Joined .....	17	
		<hr/>
		151
Died .....	2	
Resigned .....	7	9
		<hr/>
Membership at present .....	142	

The report of the Secretary was accepted as read, and he was instructed to drop from the roll all those who were more than one year in arrears if they did not remit immediately upon receipt of the bill. The Treasurer reported as follows:

Balance on hand .....	\$77.21
Received from dues, etc. ....	91.51
	<hr/>
Total. ....	\$168.72
Miscellaneous expenses .....	37.19
	<hr/>
Balance on hand. ....	\$131.53

These figures do not include the receipts for the sale of seats at the dinner. The report of the Treasurer was accepted as read.

The President then declared the meeting adjourned.

As no election of officers was held, the old officers will serve for the coming year.



## OFFICERS AND MEMBERS 1910.

### *President,*

Major William H. Lambert.

### *Vice-Presidents,*

Gen. James Grant Wilson,  
Judge Daniel Fish,  
Charles W. McLellan,  
Joseph B. Oakleaf,  
Alonzo Rothschild,  
Miss Ida Tarbell,  
Horace White.

### *Secretary,*

Francis D. Tandy.

### *Treasurer,*

Judd Stewart.

### *Members,*

Adee, Charles V.  
Ainsworth, Danforth  
Aitken, John Winfield  
Andrews, John H.  
Andrews, Matthew Page  
Ball, James Drummond  
Barker, H. E.  
Bartlett, Truman H.  
Bates, David Homer  
Bauer, Hon. Oswald A.  
Beckett, Charles H.  
Bischoff, Judge Henry  
Blosch, Philip  
Boldt, George C., Jr.

Brenner, Victor D.  
Bowman, E. M.  
Brennis, Jerome F.  
Brown, Henry C.  
Bullock, A. M.  
Burrage, Rev. H. S., D.D.  
Burrows, Maj. Charles  
Burton, John E.  
Cadley, Peter  
Carey, Arthur Astor  
Caverno, Charles  
Ceballos, Juan M.  
Compton, Theodore W.  
Cooley, Mrs. Maurice W.  
Crane, Leroy B.  
Crawford, John  
Cuyler, Telamon  
Darling, Col. Jasper T.  
Davis, J. McCann  
DeFau, Fred  
Deitsch, Edward J.  
Dueth, Alexander J.  
Dueth, Albert J. L.  
Dunlop, George  
Dunn, Gano  
Dyche, Mrs. Grace Scripps  
Edwards, Albert S.  
Ehret, George, Jr.  
Emott, Charles C.  
Fairhead, Rev. George B.  
Goan, Orrin S.  
Goodman, E.  
Grier, Rev. A. C.  
Griffith, Albert H.  
Gross, Anthony  
Hanft, Julian O.

Hanson, Bert  
Hewitt, Robert  
Hickok, William P.  
Hill, Frederick Trevor  
Hopper, Isaac A.  
Jackson, Rev. S. Trevena  
Jackson, Stuart W.  
Johnson, Edward S.  
Jones, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd  
Jones, Richard Lloyd  
Kelsheimer, James B.  
Kerfoot, Samuel H., Jr.  
Knapp, Hon. Perry D.  
Koenig, Samuel S.  
Kuhn, August  
Lamb, George R.  
Lancaster, George A.  
Laughlin, Miss Clara E.  
Lee, Prof. Duncan Campbell  
Lemmon, Rev. George T.  
Leonard, William N.  
Lincoln, Robert T.  
Little, John S.  
Lyman, C. H.  
McCarthy, Charles  
McIlvaine, Miss Caroline M.  
McKnight, Thomas W.  
McLellan, Hugh  
McLellan, Malcom Nye  
Mandelbaum, Marcus  
Mason, Watts L.  
Merwin, J. B.  
Meserve, Frederick Hill  
Moores, Charles W.  
Moran, William J.  
Morse, John T., Jr.

Muller, Lewis G.  
Newhall, Daniel H.  
Oldroyd, O. H.  
O'Reilley, Lawrence J.  
Orrok, Albert H.  
Owen, Rev. William H., Jr.  
Phillips, Hon. Isaac Newton  
Ritchie, George Thomas  
Ritchie, G. W. H.  
Ross, R. R.  
Russell, Andrew  
Sanford, W. E.  
Savin, William M.  
Sawyer, F. H.  
Schmidt, George E.  
Schmidt, Otto L.  
Seligman, A. Lincoln  
Sewall, Rufus Lentner  
Shainwald, Miss Maizie  
Shainwald, Ralph L.  
Shainwald, Mrs. Ralph L.  
Shearn, Clarence J.  
Sheppard, Morris  
Sickles, Gen. Daniel E.  
Slattery, D. G.  
Smitley, Joseph W.  
Smyser, George H.  
Stahel, Gen. Julius  
Starr, John W., Jr.  
Stone, Orra L.  
Stooksbury, William L.  
Sumner, Edward A.  
Thayer, Mrs. Charles M.  
Tibbals, Newell D.  
Tinker, Charles A.  
Tracy, Gilbert A.

Veitch, Norman  
Whipple, Wayne  
Whitlock, Hon. Brand  
Wiskell, Dr. Gustave P.  
Wilson, Fred G.

*Deceased Members,*  
Hon. Grover Cleveland  
Gen. Oliver O. Howard  
Col. Alexander K. McClure  
Rev. David D. Thompson



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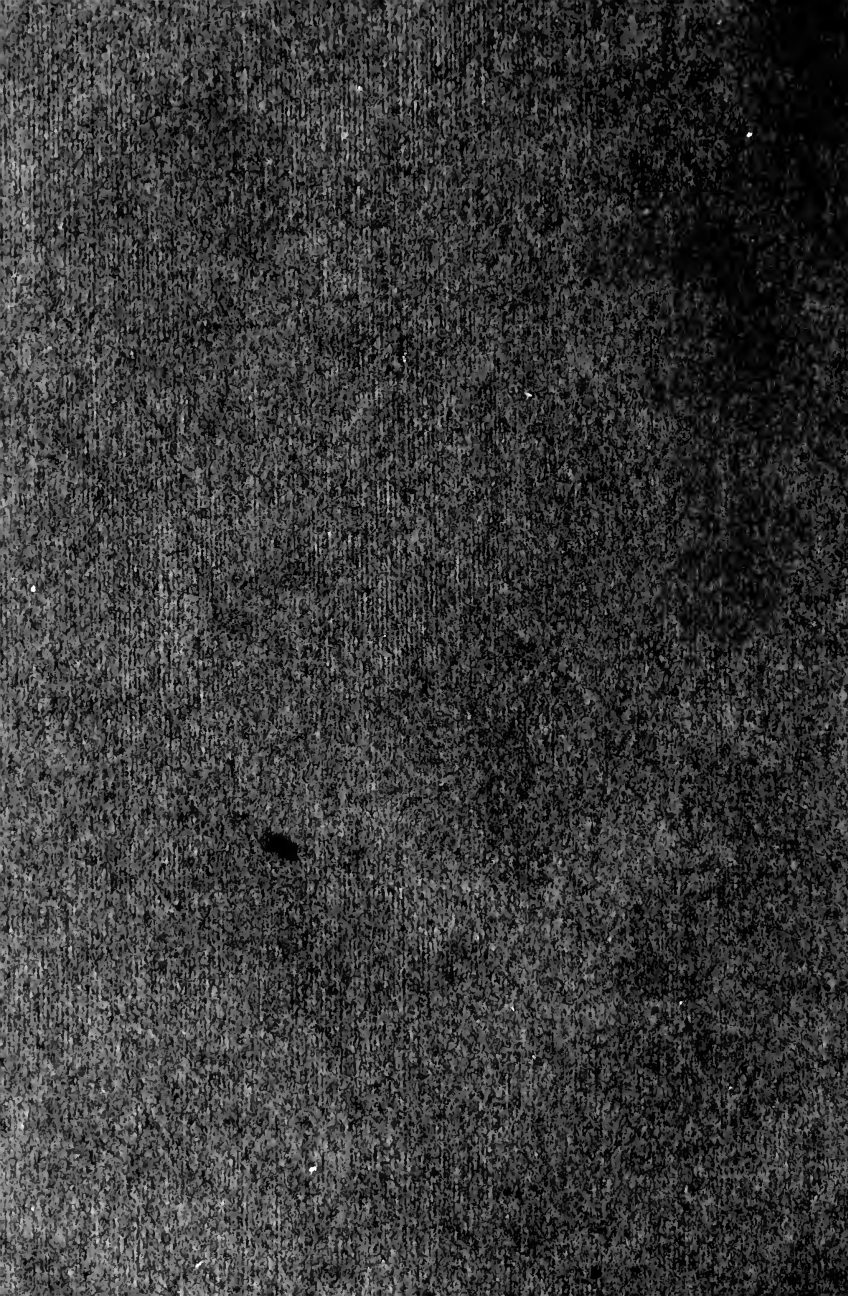






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